

GOMEZ AND MACEO MET NEAR ARTEMISA.

The Great Rebel Chiefs
Completely Outwit the
Spanish Forces.

The Dead Line from Havana to
Batabano Could Not Keep
Them Apart.

The Insurgent Leader Recently Said
He Had Seen Morro's Light
Every Night for a Week.

GENERAL CANELLA'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Only Colonel Galbis's Timely Arrival Saved
the Spaniards from Disaster—Children's Tears Softened Castillo's
Heart and Saved Guara.

By Charles Michelson.
Sent by way of Key West to avoid press censorship in Havana.

Havana, Feb. 1.—Gomez and Maceo have met. The next campaign of the insurgents must have been decided upon by this time. The meeting, I am informed, took place at a plantation near Artemisa, in the province, that Governor-General Marin, with five Acting-Governor-General Marin, with five columns, was looking for either of the rebel chiefs, only fifteen miles to the northward, near San Antonio de los Baños. It was supposed that the guarded railroad line from Havana to Batabano would prevent the meeting, but Gomez crossed the line and Maceo, with a comparatively small part of his forces, made a quick march from the westernmost point of the island and kept his tryst.

The obvious course for the insurgents now is to swarm back to the Eastern mountains and fight out the war in a place where their allies, weather and fever, would do most harm to the unaccustomed enemy during the summer. But the rebels have shown a great capacity for doing the unexpected. They have been hovering around this section of the island for a good while longer than appeared to be necessary, indulging in simple raids to and fro. Then there were the Eastern forces, one command behind the other, clear back to Santiago de Cuba, moving through the blackened cane fields which mark the route over which Gomez and Maceo have ridden.

It is mere guesswork prophesying what plans have been formed in the old head of the rebel chief.

"I have seen the Morro Light every night for a week," Gomez said recently. It is not hard to imagine what thoughts must have been suggested by the beacon on the tower of the castle that guards Havana Harbor. But to the layman an attempt on Havana seems madness.

Fortresses such as those about here are proof against anything but heavy artillery, which the rebels of course have not.

The only important action in the field recently was the battle between General Canella and Gomez, near San Antonio. The censor permitted me to send a little about it, though no official note had been made of the fight.

Canella, with 800 men on a train, was attacked, as he supposed, by a small band. When he stopped the train and attacked them he found the force was superior to his in numbers. He was in a really dangerous position, but the arrival of Colonel Galbis saved the day. The insurgents say that the Government troops had 200 killed and wounded. Probably this is an exaggeration. Another source gives the loss as thirty-five.

The train stopped at a stock farm, nearly surrounded by stone and cactus fences, which afforded cover for the rebels. I know the place, and I marvel that in such a bad position Canella was not annihilated.

In my dispatch I complimented General Canella for the skill he had shown in avoiding this, and spoke of his defensive tactics. The censor cut this out, saying: "Spaniards never fight on the defensive." The insurgents also suffered severely in this action, but I can get no figures.

Thanks to Colonel Galbis's timely arrival the Spaniards held the field to the close of the battle.

There is no question but that since General Campos's departure the Spaniards have been more vigorous in the pursuit of the insurgents, and the departure of Acting Governor-General Marin for the field indicates a determination to do something. It will be a big thing for Marin if he succeeds where Campos failed, and that before Weyler arrives.

When Castillo, the rebel colonel, marched to Guara, a small town southeast from here, he notified the people that the guard must surrender without firing a shot. The least resistance would oblige him to carry out orders and burn the whole town. A committee of citizens waited on Castillo, explaining that the guards must do their duty and resist. If the town were burned peaceful, unarmed citizens would suffer unjustly. Castillo said: "I comprehend the situation. It is terrible. My orders, however, are inexorable. I must perform my duty. The first shot from the guardhouse will compel me to fire the whole town."

Castillo gave the order to the people to save their household effects and themselves. Suddenly a number of weeping women and children rushed to the side of the rebel leader and prayed him to spare their homes. This unexpected scene moved the leader, who wheeled his horse, gave the

order to march and passed away without burning the town. He said he could not resist the children's tears.

Refugees still crowd the suburbs of Havana. Federico Bassart has been named rebel leader in command of the bands scouting small places near the capital.

What the Insurgents Have Been Doing.

The following gives a resume of the operations of the insurgents in Cuba during the past few weeks:

When Maximilian Gomez and Antonio Maceo, with two large columns of mounted men, invaded Havana province, coming almost to the gates of the capital city, and burning cane fields, destroying railway bridges, stations and cars all over the province, the two rebel leaders separated at the Pinar del Rio.

Gomez passed the line of troops thrown across the island south of Havana and Maceo began the conquest of Pinar del Rio. Spanish official reports have had him feeling before the columns of Generals Luque, Navarro and Arizon, and being driven toward the sea at the west end of the island. According to these reports Maceo's band has been defeated many times. As a matter of fact he entered the province with 2,000 men, and he now has 5,000. All are mounted, armed and well equipped. He also has plenty of ammunition. He obtained 1,000 rounds at Cabañas and a large quantity at Guama.

He captured one mail train, containing 100,000 on its way from Coloma to Pinar del Rio City, and food has been scarce in the capital ever since.

At San Cristobal one of the first towns entered, Maceo found the houses covered with white flags in token of surrender. He was welcomed with cheers. He rested at the house of a Cuban volunteer to his army, and, after holding a Cuban flag on the Town Hall and appointing a new government.

At Palacios, Consolacion del Sur and nearly a score of other towns, the same scenes were repeated. At Mantua, the most westerly town of any importance, was reached. There the inhabitants gave a ball in honor of the invading army, and Maceo stood as god-father to twenty boys.

These are a few of the incidents which the press has estimated by cablegrams to the United States. He permitted an account of the only serious engagement of the campaign in Pinar del Rio, the Spanish victory when, as a matter of fact, Maceo captured the convoy of 100,000 rounds, and the troops went out of the capital to protect. Maceo probably had, all told, twenty-five men killed and fifty wounded in the conquest of the Western province.

TO BURY ENGLAND'S DEAD.

Lord Leighton's Funeral Takes Place Today, Sir Joseph Barnby's on Tuesday and Prince Henry's Will Follow.

By Julius Ralph.

London, Feb. 2.—The success of the old superstition that deaths come three at a time is to make this a week of great funerals in London.

To-morrow (Monday) we are to have a grand pageant behind the corpse of Lord Leighton with Fleet street windows selling at two guineas each. On Tuesday Sir Joseph Barnby's remains are to be buried over by the nobility and great over by mourners ordered to represent royalty. Finally Prince Henry's double obsequies will occur, in duplicate, here at the Abbey, and genuinely in the Isle of Wight. With the Prince's funeral the gloomy exhibitions will end in the highest reach of splendid impressiveness, for he is to be interred like as much of a Prince as he was and like as much more of a soldier as he was in the closing scenes of his life.

It shows what great thing it is to be a favorite of the ladies, especially if those ladies live in royal palaces. All England was startled at the length to which the Queen went, when in the first excess of grief, she ordered Prince Henry's interment in the royal mausoleum at Frogmore. But, always on the alert, the Prince of Wales made a hasty visit to Osborne to give his opinion, and next morning the newspapers were able to announce that it had been discovered that it was Prince Henry's wish to be buried in the obscure country church at Whilphingham, Isle of Wight, where he lived as Governor and died mourned by the highest and humblest islanders.

The Prince of Wales goes cheerfully to the funeral at Whilphingham, and congratulates himself that he has done his duty to the memory of his father and brother, the Duke of Albany, who rest at Frogmore, and whose privacy is not intruded on by such lesser clay as the late lamented Battenberg.

For those who cannot go to the Isle of Wight there will be a simultaneous service at Westminster Abbey.

Lord Leighton's funeral, to-morrow will be a much more moving and genuine. The occasion is just missing ideal greatness to entitle the master painter to a place in the Abbey. He achieves only a slightly less altitudinous honor by a burial and tablet in St. Paul's, in which his mortal remains will rest side by side with those of Sir Christopher Wren, the designer of that Kohinoor among architectural gems.

The demands for pews presage an extraordinary crush. Only twenty seats have been reserved for the press of the universe. Already two dukes, their Graces of Devonshire and Abercorn; three marquises, including Lord Salisbury, who is to be a pallbearer; twelve lords, six noble ladies, Mr. Lord Chancelor, the Attorney-General and a host of lesser nobles have signified their intention to be present.

Ambassador Bayard and thirteen other Ambassadors and Ministers are to be in the throng. Great men in their respective lines, like Mr. Lecky, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Burne Jones and Sir Richard Webster, are to be there in force.

All eyes will turn on one in particular of the pallbearers—the one now who is generally believed will be the next President of the Academy. I refer to Sir John Everett Millais.

At first Sir John was not in the reckoning on account of ill health, and inside gossip ran to the effect that Leighton's closest friend, Val Prinsep, was to have the high honor. Those second in the general notion were the candidates Marcus Stone and John Philip, but Millais's name among the pallbearers is generally taken to mean that he has agreed to serve in the place of highest honor open to a painter in England.

If this is true, as all believe, it is a tremendous tribute, for it is an expression of what may be called the high opinion of the whole mass of his intelligent fellow countrymen that he shall permit his name to be included in a list of presidents of the Royal Academy. It is said he is unable to resist and will agree to serve the year out. He will be president on his merits as a painter, which is not at all a fixed rule. Voted on by academicians and associates the president may be chosen for other qualities, such as executive ability, popularity, distinction as a speaker or because of his own political skill.

There is gossip that Lord Leighton hoped Prince would succeed him, and the further gossip is that when Millais resigns the next to be honored will be Alfred Richmond. But all this is in the clouds of futurity.

On Tuesday the funeral of the least notable of the three takes place, and yet, while Sir Joseph Barnby's remains are being buried at Norwood there will be a simultaneous service at St. Paul's attended by Lord Mayor.

Barnby will be longest and best known by his Eton boating song, but in London at present he is distinguished more as a conductor and musician of high position in the local musical world and its leading organizations.

MRS. T. S. FOOTE TO SUE FOR A DIVORCE.

She is a Daughter of the Late
Justice Lane, of the
Supreme Court.

Her Husband Is of the Jerome Family,
Rich, and a Member of the Union
and Racquet Clubs.

VERA BEVERLY IS CO-RESPONDENT.

She is the Divorced Wife of an English
Colonel and a Kinswoman of Harry
Vane Milbank—Statements
of the Women.

Mrs. Thomas S. Foote, Jr., daughter of the late Supreme Court Justice Lane, has decided to apply for an absolute divorce from her husband, Thomas S. Foote, Jr., a young broker, and a figure in New York social circles. He is a member of the Union, Racquet and other clubs, and is connected with the well-known Jerome family and Lady Randolph Churchill.

Mrs. Foote bases her petition on her husband's acquiescence with Vera Beverly, who had apartments for some time at the Waldorf, with her maid. Her chafing dish suppers were largely attended by rich and notable young men. For a year or two she was one of the most talked of women of the city. She is the daughter of Colonel Gordon Graham, of the Royal Guards, and the divorced wife of Colonel Beverly, of an English Hussar regiment.

The Footes have been married for two years, and have no children. Mrs. Foote charges her husband with residing with Mrs. Beverly at No. 275 West Thirty-eighth street, and at No. 148 West Tenth street, where she is living at the present time as "Mrs. Martin."

The witnesses in the case are Beckman Kipp Borrowe, brother of Hallett Asst. Borrowe, who was named as co-respondent in the Coleman Drayton case; Thomas Jarvis, of No. 62 East Fifty-fifth street, and "Jack" Beresford Hollis, an actor in the Lyceum stock company, who is probably known better as "Lord" Beresford Hollis. Mrs. Foote is residing with her mother in the Verona flats, at No. 137 West Eighty-fourth street.

MRS. FOOTE'S PURPOSE.

"It is perfectly true," she said, "that I have decided to institute an action for absolute divorce from my husband. I dislike the publicity that will naturally, I presume, be given to the suit, and for that reason have deferred it, but now I have fully determined to go ahead." Mrs. Foote said that she did not think there would be any defense made, as the evidence was so strong that any endeavor to disprove it could only result in a failure.

Mrs. Foote is a handsome, fair woman, scarcely more than twenty years of age. Her father in his time was one of the best known jurists in the State. She went in exclusive society and her marriage to Mr. Foote, in the Fall of 1913, was a social event. Foote at that time was regarded as one of the coming men of the day. Young, handsome and with a good income, he was welcomed in society in this country and in England. His kinship to Lady Randolph Churchill made him a somewhat conspicuous figure among a certain rather rapid set.

It was at a private supper party at the Arena, one night, that he was introduced to Vera Beverly. One person says that Borrowe introduced him, and another that Harry Vane Milbank, the English duellist, made them acquainted. Borrowe was a friend of hers in England, and Milbank was a cousin of her mother's.

The acquaintance was a fatal one to Foote's domestic life. His attentions became a subject of gossip, and soon reached his home, with the result that Mrs. Foote returned to her mother's home.

Mrs. Beverly occupies the rear flat on the ground floor of No. 148 West Tenth street, with her maid, and is known as "Mrs. Martin."

WHY SHE IS CALLED "MARTIN."

"I want to explain that 'Mrs. Martin' matter," she said, "I had just returned from a trip to St. Paul and was very ill, and Dr. Jarne, my physician, advised that I should go to some quiet, out-of-the-way place. My maid secured these apartments, and when I reached here the janitor asked me what name he should put under the bell. 'Put any old thing,' I replied, and he thought Martin about as 'old a thing' as he could conjure up at the moment.

"I am compelled to practise rigid economy," she said, glancing about her modestly furnished apartment, "but I am a Roman and never despair. Regarding the contemplated action for divorce, I am sure it has not been begun yet, for Mr. Foote had not been served with papers up to last night. Of course, I deny the allegations made by Mrs. Foote, but I know that detectives have been watching here, and I presume their presence is in connection with the case in some way. Mr. Foote's lawyers are Jerome & Nason, and I presume they will know all about it."

Mrs. Beverly is ambitious for a stage career and made her debut in "Hamlet II," at the Herald Square Theatre, early in the present season. She was cast for the character of Bernardo, a young officer, but did not score a remarkable success. Since then her services have not been in demand by managers. She is about twenty-seven years old, but owing to her recent illness looks older. She has dark hazel eyes, auburn hair, correctly graceful features and a symmetrical and graceful figure.

Foote is about thirty years old. Several of his friends say there will be no defence offered to the action, though an endeavor will be made to keep down the amount of alimony. He is a tall, well-built man, with an athletic form and a clean-shaven, boyish face.

CAUGHT WITH A DEAD DOG.

Two Men Arrested for Having It in Their Possession.

A policeman saw two men walking along St. Marks avenue, Brooklyn, yesterday morning, one with a bag on his shoulder, and he arrested them.

The policeman opened the bag, and found the dead body of a Newfoundland dog. The men said they were carrying it home for their mother. They gave their names as William Miller and Thomas Roman, No. 783 Hart street, Williamsburg. They were locked up.

Warrant Spoils an Elopement.

Allice Ferguson, a girl fifteen years old, living at No. 10 Broadfield street, Hoboken, N. J., went to Paterson, N. J., on Saturday night to meet Harry Breen, with whom her mother says she was going to elope. Mrs. Ferguson at once swore out a warrant, and when the girl got there she was arrested and sent home.

HER MURDERER LEFT NO CLEW.

A Boston Woman Meets a Terrible Death at the Hands of Robbers.

Boston, Feb. 2.—Mrs. Sophia Grant, of the Charlestown District, was killed by an unknown band last night. The murder was done at No. 8 Brighton street, Charlestown, sometime about 10 o'clock, but it was more than hour afterward before the deed was discovered.

Appearances point to robbery in connection with the case, but the police have no clew. The weapon used was a blunt, but just what it was is at present a mystery. Mrs. Grant received two heavy blows on the back of her head, crushing her skull, and either one would have been sufficient to cause immediate death. When found the woman was lying on her face in the kitchen. It was apparent that she was struck unawares from behind, and it is also apparent that there was no tussle before the murder was committed.

Every drawer in the room was turned topsy turvey and the contents were scattered over the floor. The police believe that the murderer rummaged through the different articles in the room first and then, being detected in his work by Mrs. Grant, he chased her into the kitchen and dealt her the death blows.

Mrs. Grant has not lived with her husband for several years. He is said to be in the dry goods business in Providence. Since Grant left his wife Mrs. Grant has been a housekeeper for her single brother, Augustus McLeod. Her married sister, Mrs. Ida Quinlan and the latter's husband lived in the same house.

Though the police say they have no evidence against her, Mrs. Quinlan was arrested on suspicion, and after being taken to the police station became violently ill.

FATAL COLLAPSE OF A CHURCH.

Eight Worshippers Killed and Sixty Hurt by the Falling Walls.

Paris, Feb. 2.—A terrible accident, resulting in the killing of eight persons and the injuring of sixty, occurred to-day at Manlexier, a village near Angers, in the Department of Maine-et-Loire.

The accident was due to the collapse of the village church, in which mass was being celebrated. The structure was comfortably filled, most of the worshippers being women and children.

Suddenly, and with very little warning, the walls began to sway, and, before the congregation could get outside, fell. The roof descended upon the struggling throng beneath, and the result was that no more than eight persons were killed.

The work of removing the dead and rescuing the injured was promptly commenced by the villagers, who were aided by peasants and others from the country roundabout. The condition of some of the injured is so serious that it is feared they will die.

A larger congregation than usual attended the mass to-day, it being the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin.

INSURGENTS IN SANTA CLARA.

Owners of Plantations Do Not Know Which Side to Obey.

Havana, Feb. 2.—From Cienfuegos comes news of insurgent doings in the province of Santa Clara. Business is at a standstill in all cities, railroads operate only when trains are guarded by detachments of troops, the grinding of sugar cane on all but one of the vast estates in that region has been stopped and the will of the insurgents is law.

An American mining prospector, who had a quantity of ore which he wished to ship to New York for assay, was told that the people would be shot if they attempted to haul the ore to the railroad. One lumber merchant who sent out a load of lumber after receiving a similar warning had his driver shot.

Mills that had prepared to grind sugar have been threatened with destruction if they do not surrender. On the other hand, the Government jacked about removing the small detachments of troops distributed among the plantations, and the latter begun grinding. The owners of the estates are between the devil and the deep sea.

Stabbed for Some Cigars.

During a quarrel on John street, Elizabeth, over some cigars yesterday afternoon, Joseph Marandillo was stabbed in the left breast by Thomas Costello. The wound was at first thought to be fatal, because of its location, but at the hospital the doctors found that it had touched no vital spot. Costello was arrested and locked up.

BORCHGREVINK IS HERE.

The Famous Antarctic Explorer Will Lecture and Again Start for the Ice Fields, September 1.

Carsten Egeberg Borchgrevink, the hardy Norwegian explorer, famed as the first civilized man to tread the mysterious Antarctic continent, landed in New York last evening from the Cunarder Umbria from Liverpool.

The explorer, who is to relate some of his experiences in this country in a course of lectures under the direction of Mayor J. B. Pond, is of medium height, with square shoulders and well-knit muscular frame. His features are regular and his cheeks as rosy as a schoolboy's. He wears a curling blond mustache, but otherwise is clean-shaven. He has the keen blue eyes peculiar to the Norwegians, and while he speaks English fluently, he betrays in a slight accent his Norwegian birth. He is but thirty-two years of age.

Five well-packed gripsacks were his only luggage, and these were speedily packed on top of a cab, which took him to the Everett House, in Union square.

There he frankly discussed his travels in the South Polar seas and, though he has penetrated seventeen degrees further south than any other man, he was very modest when referring to his achievements. The people he encountered in immense ice flows and gigantic icebergs, he did not even mention until asked about them. It was the scientific aspect of his explorations that interested him and he grew enthusiastic when referring to the possibilities of further investigation. The difficulties to be overcome were of no moment whatever.

One thing he said he is convinced of, and that is that there is a great antarctic continent, probably as much area as the whole of Europe or a little more than four million square miles.

"This continent is one stretch of land," said Mr. Borchgrevink, "and not a collection of islands, cemented by south polar ice. In September next I will take command of an expedition to again visit this country, which is known now as Victoria land. It has been arranged that the expedition, which will leave London September 1, shall partake also of a scientific exploration, and for this purpose I shall take eleven scientists, who have not yet been selected."

Mr. Borchgrevink is a man of about 35 years of age, with a high forehead, deep-set eyes, and a well-knit, muscular frame. He is of medium height, with square shoulders and well-knit muscular frame. His features are regular and his cheeks as rosy as a schoolboy's. He wears a curling blond mustache, but otherwise is clean-shaven. He has the keen blue eyes peculiar to the Norwegians, and while he speaks English fluently, he betrays in a slight accent his Norwegian birth. He is but thirty-two years of age.

Five well-packed gripsacks were his only luggage, and these were speedily packed on top of a cab, which took him to the Everett House, in Union square.

There he frankly discussed his travels in the South Polar seas and, though he has penetrated seventeen degrees further south than any other man, he was very modest when referring to his achievements. The people he encountered in immense ice flows and gigantic icebergs, he did not even mention until asked about them. It was the scientific aspect of his explorations that interested him and he grew enthusiastic when referring to the possibilities of further investigation. The difficulties to be overcome were of no moment whatever.

TILLMAN MILLIONAIRE.

The South Carolina
Thinks They Come by It
Wealth Honestly.

He Says He Is Preparing His Two
Daughters to Support Their
"Scamps of Husbands."

WOULD HAVE LIMITED SUFFRAGE.

The Senator Says He Does Not Inveigh
Against the Millions of Men, but
Against the System That Pro-
duces Them Dishonestly.

Washington, Feb. 2.—The sensation of the week in the Senate was the speech of Senator Tillman, from South Carolina. His exhortations of public men have penetrated to the remote wilds of the United States, and his mail is crowded with letters praising him and asking for copies of his speech. Therefore, it appears he has struck a popular chord.

This man, whose spectacular talk has been denounced as revolutionary, fanatical and dangerous, and labelled everything from vulgar to clownish, is the same man who has declared that "Nothing, no luxury honestly acquired, is too good for a good woman, but she must be a good woman." Referring to this doctrine of his the Senator was asked:

"Mr. Tillman, you inveigh against the existence of 4,000 millionaires in this country, what do you say to that portion of the 4,000 who are women and to those women who spend the millions in extravagance?"

"The women can't help themselves. The women inherit their money. It isn't the millionaires themselves that I complain about, but the system that produces them. Now, there are no women millionaires who have made their money by unequal laws and special privileges—that is, unless I refer to Mrs. Henry Green. She is the only business woman of whom I have read."

"But, Mr. Tillman, are not the women responsible for the money-getting habits of the men to a large extent?"

"How?"

"Don't you think that women demand from their husbands luxuries and extravagances that send them into Wall Street and into the speculations that you deplore, simply to dress their wives and daughters and keep them in the social swim? Don't women inspire men with the mad desire to acquire extreme wealth?"

"No," was the reply; "the men would get it, any way, without the women."

"What about American women who marry titles?"

"If I were a rich woman I should want a real man and not a stick; that's what most of them seem to be—sticks, with titles on top. After the honeymoon the titles usually use the stick on the plebeian wife."

Mr. Tillman having a great deal to say about millionaires and the pernicious system that makes them so, he was asked:

"Do you know a millionaire personally, Mr. Tillman?"

"No," then an afterthought. "Oh, yes. There are a dozen, such as they are, in there," with a nod of his head toward the Senate Chamber. "I haven't any quarrel with them, but it's the system that makes them I object to."

WHAT HE OBJECTS TO.

"I have no objection to a man making as many millions as he can under just laws

on top of a cab, which took him to the Everett House, in Union square.

There he frankly discussed his travels in the South Polar seas and, though he has penetrated seventeen degrees further south than any other man, he was very modest when referring to his achievements. The people he encountered in immense ice flows and gigantic icebergs, he did not even mention until asked about them. It was the scientific aspect of his explorations that interested him and he grew enthusiastic when referring to the possibilities of further investigation. The difficulties to be overcome were of no moment whatever.

One thing he said he is convinced of, and that is that there is a great antarctic continent, probably as much area as the whole of Europe or a little more than four million square miles.

"This continent is one stretch of land," said Mr. Borchgrevink, "and not a collection of islands, cemented by south polar ice. In September next I will take command of an expedition to again visit this country, which is known now as Victoria land. It has been arranged that the expedition, which will leave London September 1, shall partake also of a scientific exploration, and for this purpose I shall take eleven scientists, who have not yet been selected."

Mr. Borchgrevink is a man of about 35 years of age, with a high forehead, deep-set eyes, and a well-knit, muscular frame. He is of medium height, with square shoulders and well-knit muscular frame. His features are regular and his cheeks as rosy as a schoolboy's. He wears a curling blond mustache, but otherwise is clean-shaven. He has the keen blue eyes peculiar to the Norwegians, and while he speaks English fluently, he betrays in a slight accent his Norwegian birth. He is but thirty-two years of age.

Five well-packed gripsacks were his only luggage, and these were speedily packed on top of a cab, which took him to the Everett House, in Union square.

There he frankly discussed his travels in the South Polar seas and, though he has penetrated seventeen degrees further south than any other man, he was very modest when referring to his achievements. The people he encountered in immense ice flows and gigantic icebergs, he did not even mention until asked about them. It was the scientific aspect of his explorations that interested him and he grew enthusiastic when referring to the possibilities of further investigation. The difficulties to be overcome were of no moment whatever.

One thing he said he is convinced of, and that is that there is a great antarctic continent, probably as much area as the whole of Europe or a little more than four million square miles.

"This continent is one stretch of land," said Mr. Borchgrevink, "and not a collection of islands, cemented by south polar ice. In September next I will take command of an expedition to again visit this country, which is known now as Victoria land. It has been arranged that the expedition, which will leave London September 1, shall partake also of a scientific exploration, and for this purpose I shall take eleven scientists, who have not yet been selected."

Mr. Borchgrevink is a man of about 35 years of age, with a high forehead, deep-set eyes, and a well-knit, muscular frame. He is of medium height, with square shoulders and well-knit muscular frame. His features are regular and his cheeks as rosy as a schoolboy's. He wears a curling blond mustache, but otherwise is clean-shaven. He has the keen blue eyes peculiar to the Norwegians, and while he speaks English fluently, he betrays in a slight accent his Norwegian birth. He is but thirty-two years of age.

Five well-packed gripsacks were his only luggage, and these were speedily packed on top of a cab, which took him to the Everett House, in Union square.

There he frankly discussed his travels in the South Polar seas and, though he has penetrated seventeen degrees further south than any other man, he was very modest when referring to his achievements. The people he encountered in immense ice flows and gigantic icebergs, he did not even mention until asked about them. It was the scientific aspect of his explorations that interested him and he grew enthusiastic when referring to the possibilities of further investigation. The difficulties to be overcome were of no moment whatever.

into a
Astors.
stealing etc.
"What about
ing much of her
children and sick p
good all the time per
"I think it seems as if
to return some of her fat."
It reminds me of the s
man with a contents in the B
the man who didn't buy his."

"What place do you accord woman in th
social and economic scheme you woul
establish?"

"Teach her to work and be prepared to
fill her true sphere in life. I have help
establish a school down in our State